

75p

MONTHLY
No.1

CENTURIONS

POWERXTREME™



CENTURIONS! MAN & MACHINE-POWERXTREME

WELCOME TO THE 21st CENTURY

Dateline: May 2087

Station: Skyvault

Hi, there! I'm Ace McCloud, the Centurions' Team Leader for Air Operations. Being a member of the Earth's most select military unit sure is a full-time job, but I'm glad that I've managed to grab a few spare minutes to transmit this message to welcome you to this first issue of the Centurions comic! There'll be plenty of action and excitement for you to enjoy as you read our adventures, so hang on to your seat and get ready to experience POWERXTREME!

The enemy that **Max Ray, Jake Rockwell** and I were brought together by the World Council to oppose was **Doc Terror**. He is the evil scientist whose mind was warped when he fused his own body with a powerful computer. As the **Centurions** we are determined to rid the Earth of this evil menace, so that the 21st Century can be a peaceful time to live in once more. Do let me know what you think of this first issue of **Centurions**. You can write to me at the following address: Centurions, P.O. Box 111, Great Ducie Street, Manchester M60 3BL.

THE LATE 21ST CENTURY. ACE MCLOUD, ONE OF THE CENTURIONS, IS ESCORTING THE WORLD PRESIDENT'S HYPERSONIC SHUTTLE TO AUSTRALIA...

ORBITAL INTERCEPTOR TO SKYVAULT. NOTHING TO REPORT AS YET, CRYSTAL, BUT THERE'S AN AWFUL LOT OF SPACE JUNK AROUND.

THAT'S WHY WE NEED TO BE ON THE ALERT...

"...IT COULD HIDE ANYTHING!"

"DEAL WITH THE CENTURION. BEGIN SIGNAL TRANSMISSION-STUN FREQUENCY. IS SECOND BURST..."

"GOOD. CLOSE IN. MAGNETOMIC CLAMPS ACTIVATED. CONTACT CONFIRMED..."

"TARGET WITHIN RANGE. ACTIVATE DOOM DRONE STRAFERS..."

UH...UH. WHAT ON...STRAFERS! DOG TERROR'S KIDNAPPING THE PRESIDENT! CAN'T SHOOT, I MIGHT HIT THE SHUTTLE...

ACE TO SKYVAULT. PRIORITY ALERT!

"OVERRIDE NAVIGATIONAL COMPUTERS. LAY IN NEW COURSE. FIRE EXPLOSIVE BOLT TO PIERCE HULL..."

SPACE SNATCH!



ENGAGE NOZZLE. RELEASE SLEEP AGENT...

(COUGH) NOOOO!!

GAS! QUICK
MR. PRESIDENT
(COUGH)... THE...
MASKS... UHNN!!

"COMMENCE RE-ENTRY..."

NO! I CAN'T LOSE
THEM NOW. SKYVAULT.
STANDBY. I'M GOING
DOWN AFTER THEM.

THE CENTURION STRUGGLES TO REMAIN IN THE
SHUTTLE'S PROTECTIVE SHADOW AS IT SCREAMS
DOWN INTO THE ATMOSPHERE, SHIELDS BURNING
WITH THE FIERCE HEAT OF RE-ENTRY...

... MUST BE APPROACHING ORBITAL
INTERCEPTOR'S OPERATIONAL PARAMETERS...

I SHOULD BE ABLE TO
STAY IN THE SHUTTLE'S
SHADOW - USE IT AS A
HEATSHIELD.

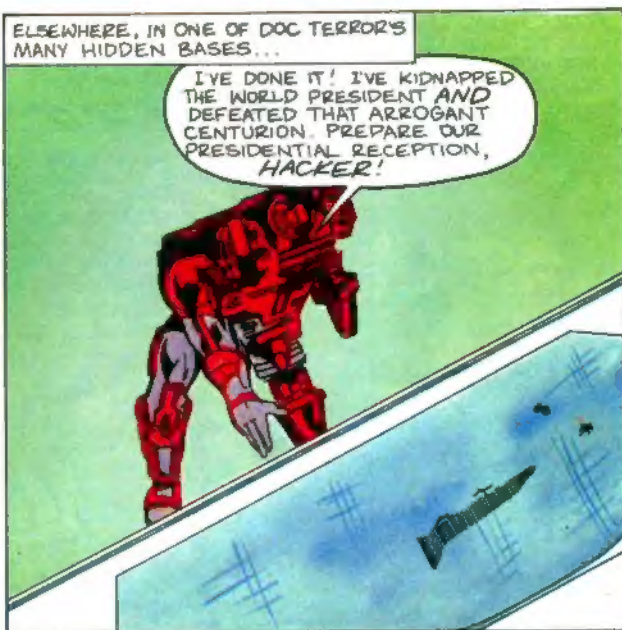
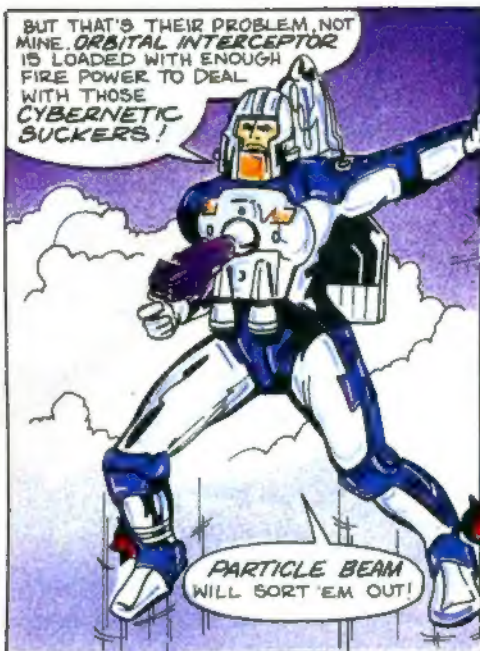
... BUT IF I
CAN JUST
HOLD ON...

THERE!
WE'RE THROUGH!

ACE? ACE?
ARE YOU OKAY?

YEAH, CRYSTAL.
I'M FINE. BLUE SKY
NEVER LOOKED
SO GOOD!

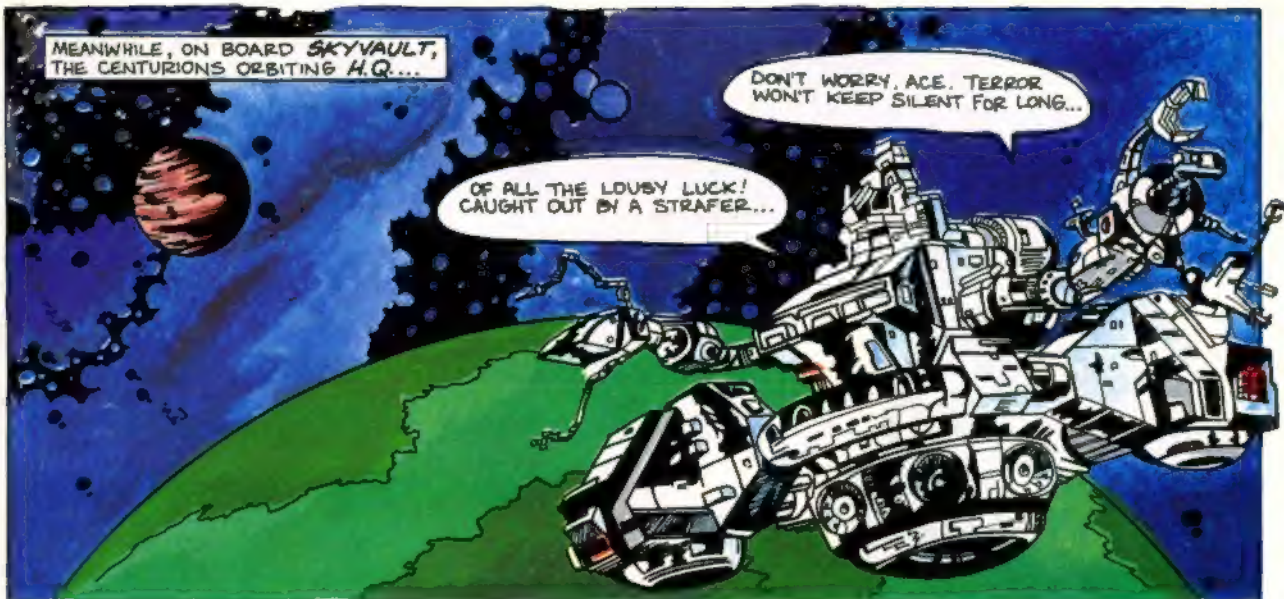
STRAFRERS, ON THE
OTHER HAND, I COULD DO
WITHOUT. HERE THEY COME,
CRYSTAL. ABOUT A DOZEN
OF 'EM!



MEANWHILE, ON BOARD SKYVAULT,
THE CENTURIONS ORBITING H.Q....

DON'T WORRY, ACE. TERROR
WON'T KEEP SILENT FOR LONG...

OF ALL THE LOUSY LUCK!
CAUGHT OUT BY A STRAFER...



HOLD IT, GUYS. THERE'S A
TRANSMISSION COMING
IN... FROM DOC TERROR!

CITIZENS OF
THE WORLD...



... I HAVE YOUR PRESIDENT. HE
HAS AN ANNOUNCEMENT TO MAKE...



DOC TERROR WANTS
ME TO USE MY POWERS
OF OFFICE TO DISSOLVE
THE WORLD COUNCIL
AND HAND OVER POWER
TO HIM... I CAN'T DO
IT... I *WON'T*...

FOOL! THOSE
WILL BE YOUR
LAST WORDS AS
PRESIDENT...



TERROR CAN'T BE SERIOUS! THE
WORLD COUNCIL WILL NEVER GIVE IN
TO HIS DEMANDS!

I HOPE NOT, MAX, BUT THERE
ARE LIVES AT STAKE. IF I HAD
MY WAY...

I THINK YOU'RE IN BUSINESS
GUYS. THE COMPUTERS CAME UP
WITH A FLIGHT PROJECTION ON
THE HIJACKED SHUTTLE. THE ONLY
PLACE IT COULD HAVE LANDED
IS SAN MARTINA, A SMALL,
UNINHABITED ISLAND IN THE
PACIFIC!



CRYSTAL PROGRAMMES THE CO-ORDINATES INTO
THE BEAM POD CHAMBER...

GREAT. I COULD DO
WITH A RETURN MATCH!

BEAM US
DOWN, CRYSTAL!



AN INSTANT LATER, THE CENTURIONS MATERIALISE ON THE TINY PACIFIC ISLAND...

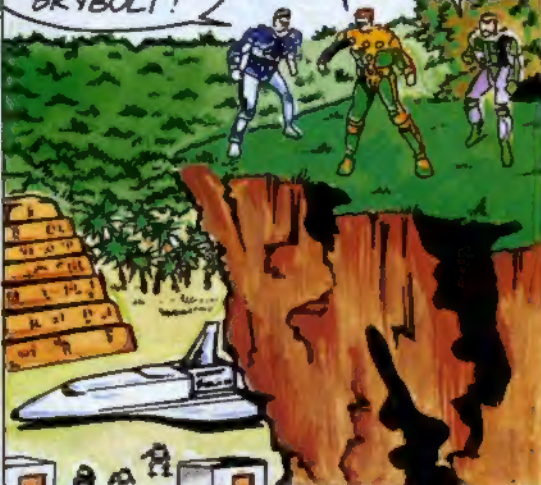
WILL VA LOOK AT THIS PLACE! IT'S IN A WORSE STATE THAN MY WINDOW BOX!



LOOK THERE. THAT MUST BE WHERE DOC TERROR IS HOLDING THE PRESIDENT. CRYSTAL? SEND ME SKYBOLT!

I'LL TAKE WILD WEASEL!

TIDAL BLAST FOR ME, CRYSTAL!

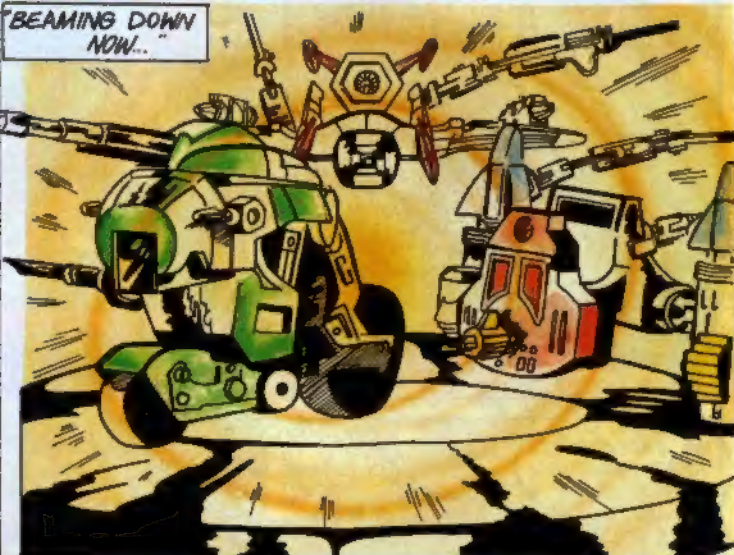


ON BOARD SKYVAULT, CRYSTAL PUNCHES INSTRUCTIONS INTO THE COMPUTER...

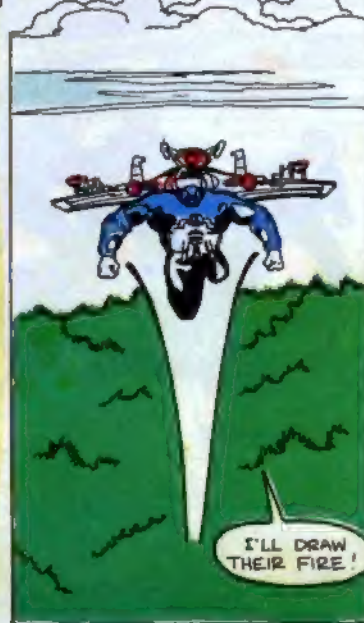
ACKNOWLEDGED, STANDBY. ASSEMBLING ASSAULT WEAPONS SYSTEMS...

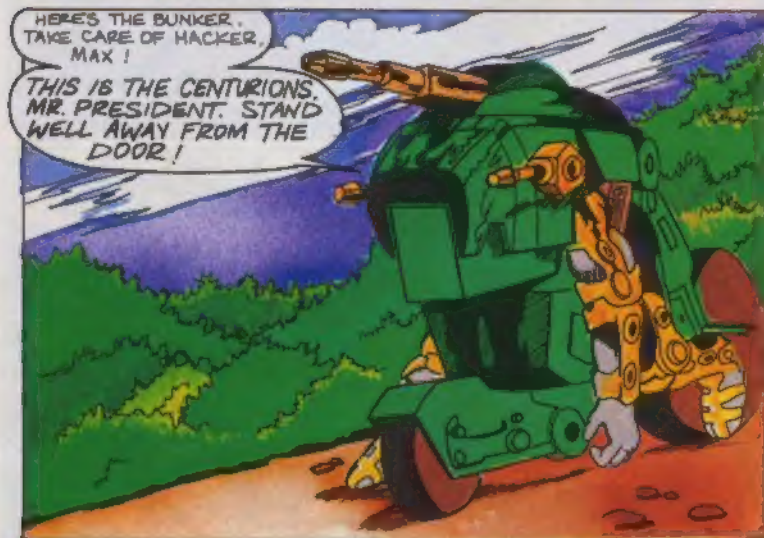
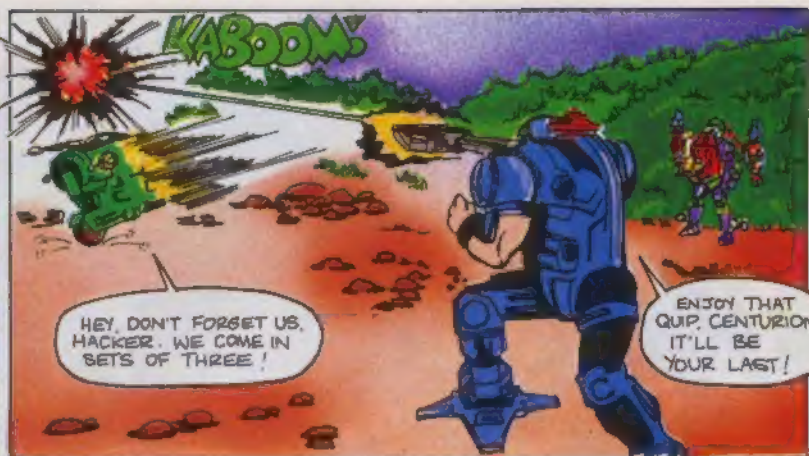


BEAMING DOWN NOW...



THE WEAPON SYSTEMS MATERIALISE TO FUSE WITH THE CENTURIONS' EXOFRAMES...







PERSISTENT LITTLE
BORGS AREN'T
THEY?

THEY ARE, BUT
HACKER OBVIOUSLY
ISN'T.
HE'S DONE!



SUDDENLY...

THEY DECIDED TO GO FOR A
DIP IN THE SEA. ME, I
WANTED TO KICK IN
A FEW SANDCASTLES!

THWOM!

IT'S ACE! HEY, ACE, WHAT
HAPPENED TO YOUR 'FRIENDS'?



YEAH,
LOOK!

SOUNDS LIKE
SOMEBODY BEAT
YOU TO IT!

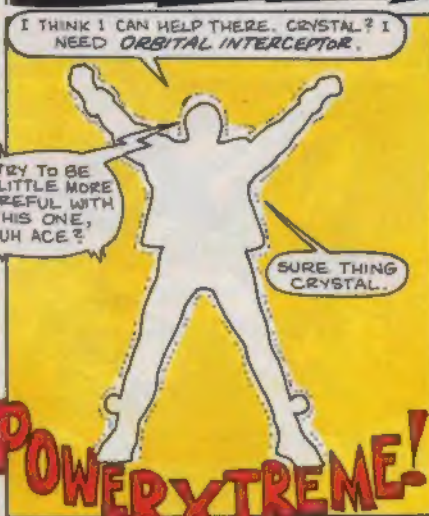


...TERROR'S
ESCAPING!!

FAREWELL, CENTURIONS!
WE'LL NOT MEET AGAIN. THE
ISLAND IS PRIMED TO
EXPLODE. IT WILL SINK
BENEATH THE WAVES
TAKING YOU AND THE
WORLD PRESIDENT
WITH IT! FAREWELL!



HE MAY WELL BE RIGHT, WE CAN'T
TAKE OFF. THE RUNWAY'S TOO SHORT
AND WE DON'T HAVE ENOUGH THRUST
TO MAKE IT!

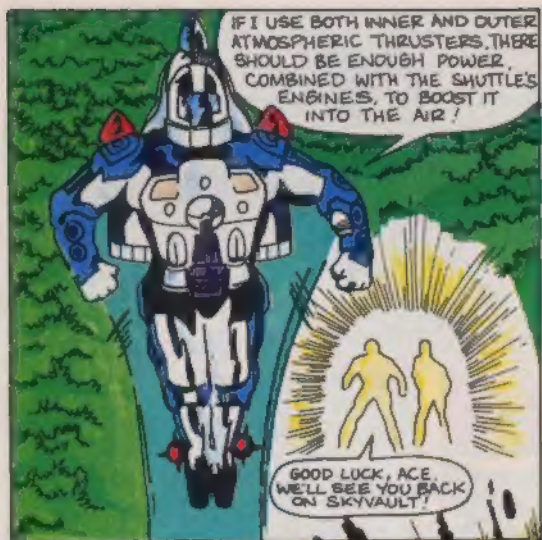


I THINK I CAN HELP THERE. CRYSTAL? I
NEED ORBITAL INTERCEPTOR.

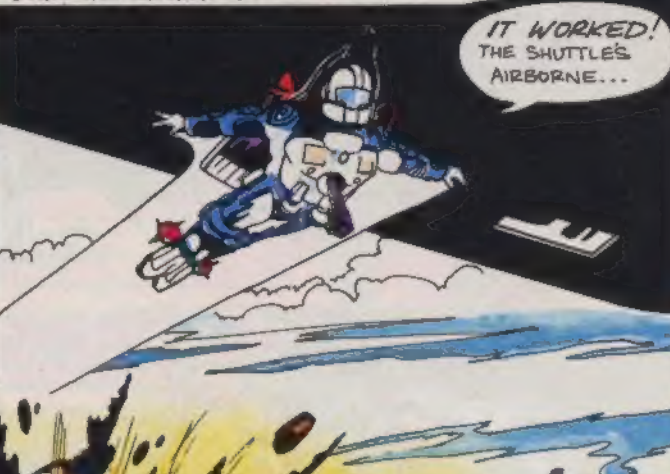
TRY TO BE
A LITTLE MORE
CAREFUL WITH
THIS ONE,
HUH ACE?

SURE THING
CRYSTAL.

POWERXTREME!



WITH ACE AND THE ORBITAL INTERCEPTOR ACTING LIKE A BOOSTER ROCKET, THE HYPERSONIC SHUTTLE THUNDERS DOWN THE RUNWAY...



..AND JUST IN TIME, TOO!"



ACE ESCORTS THE PRESIDENTIAL SHUTTLE SAFELY INTO AUSTRALIAN AIR SPACE...

SO LONG GUYS, MR. PRESIDENT. AUSTRALIAN AIR SECURITY WILL TAKE YOU FROM HERE!



WELL, DOC TERROR FAILED THIS TIME, BUT YOU CAN BET YOUR BOTTOM DOLLAR HE'LL TRY AGAIN!

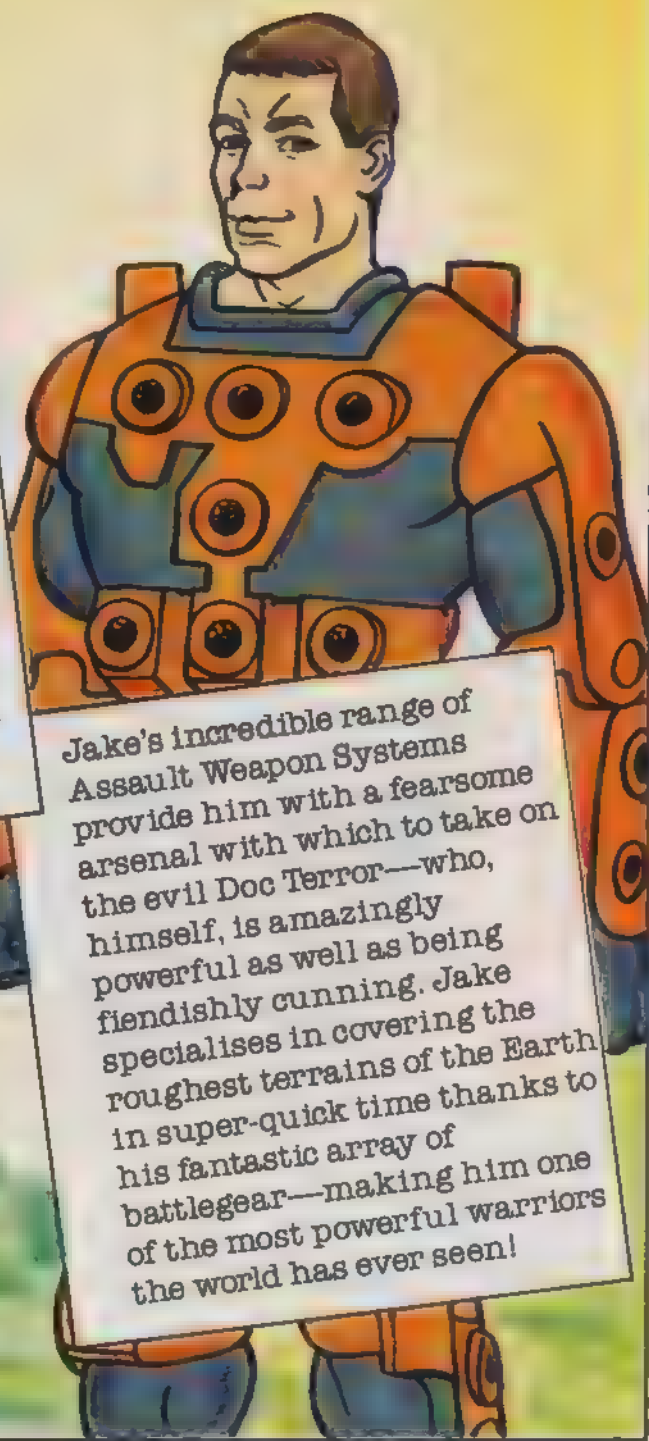
LATER, ABOARD SKYVAULT...



JAKE ROCKWELL

LEADER, LAND OPERATIONS

Jake Rockwell, fearless and willing to face evil wherever it raises its ugly head, is a bit of a cowboy at heart. He is tough and intelligent, but diplomacy is not his strong point! If brute force is what the situation requires, then Jake is only too willing to break down the doors and storm in with all weapons blazing! While sometimes his fiery nature can lead the Centurions into difficulty, his determination has saved them on many occasions too.



Jake's incredible range of Assault Weapon Systems provide him with a fearsome arsenal with which to take on the evil Doc Terror—who, himself, is amazingly powerful as well as being fiendishly cunning. Jake specialises in covering the roughest terrains of the Earth in super-quick time thanks to his fantastic array of battlegear—making him one of the most powerful warriors the world has ever seen!

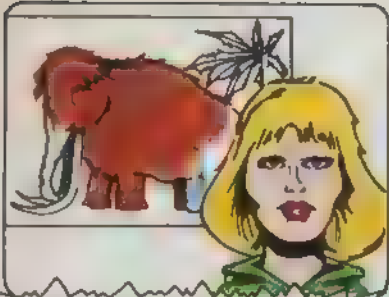
MAX RAY

TEAM LEADER, SEA OPERATIONS

Max Ray is perhaps the coolest of the Centurions. He is a level-headed strategist with a shrewd grasp of battle tactics. Sometimes Jake and Ace become a bit impulsive and inclined to take too many risks, so it usually takes the calming influence of Max to keep them in check. Nonetheless, he has a keen sense of humour that helps him keep his spirits up through the most dangerous situations.



Max is totally at home and absolutely without fear in the sea, whether it be in a raging storm or a quiet tropical lagoon. He has a special empathy with sea creatures of all kinds and this, with his ingenious, multi-faceted weapon systems, gives him all the resources he needs in the continuing battle against the evil of **Doc Terror** and his criminal network!



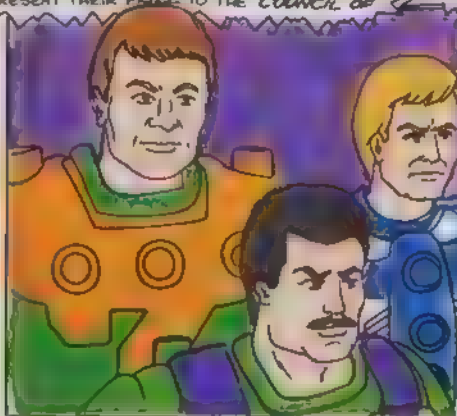
THE ARCTIC RESEARCH TEAM WHO DISCOVERED A GIANT MAMMOTH FROZEN IN THE I.C.E., RETURNED TO NEW YORK TODAY TO PRESENT THEIR PRIZE TO THE COUNCIL OF



WORLD SCIENTISTS BUT THEY WERE ATTACKED BY DOC TERROR'S CRIMINAL AIDE, HACKER, AND THE PREHISTORIC BEAST WAS STOLEN



MOST SHOCKING OF ALL IS THE FACT THAT ONE OF THE RESEARCH TEAM REVEALED HERSELF TO BE NONE OTHER THAN DOC TERROR'S DAUGHTER, AMBER



CENTRAL THE CENTURIONS' SUBTERRANEAN BASE HIDDEN DEEP UNDER NEW YORK...

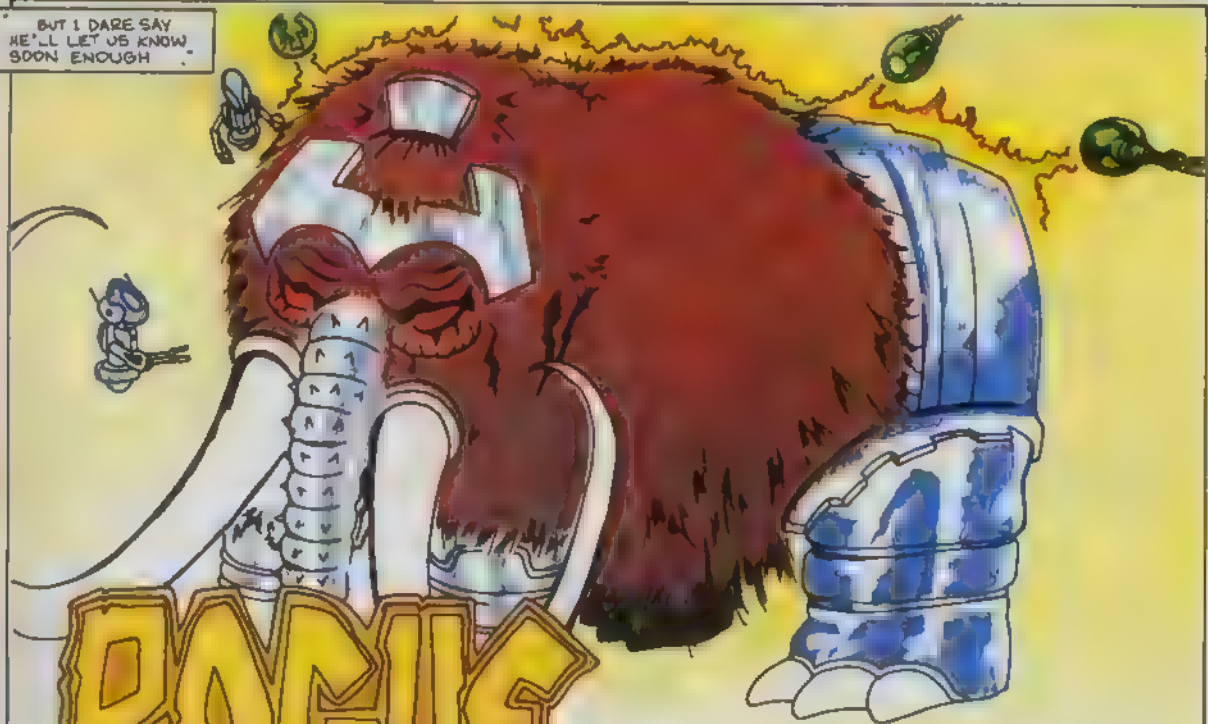
THAT REPORT CAME IN OVER THE NEWS LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO

I THOUGHT THAT ALASKAN PIPELINE ALERT WAS TOO EASY - IT WAS JUST A DECOY!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT DOC TERROR WOULD WANT WITH A FROZEN FOSSIL



BUT I DARE SAY HE'LL LET US KNOW SOON ENOUGH

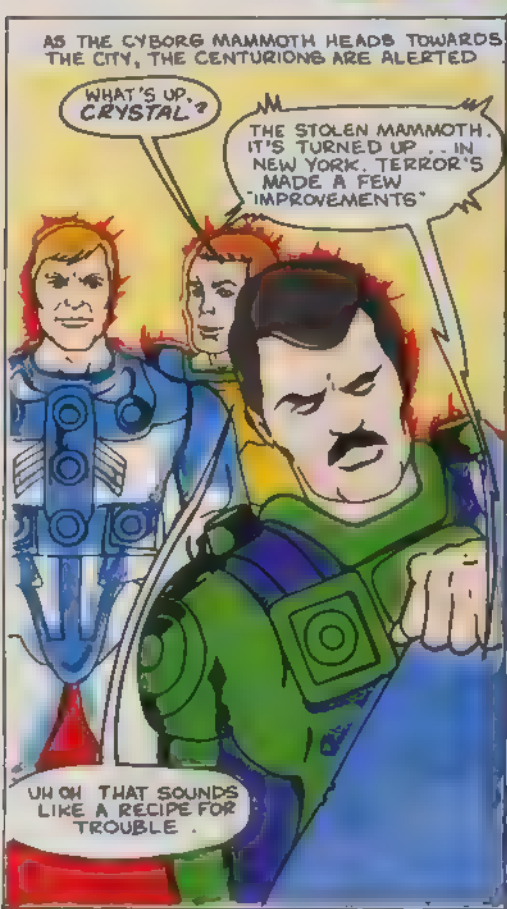
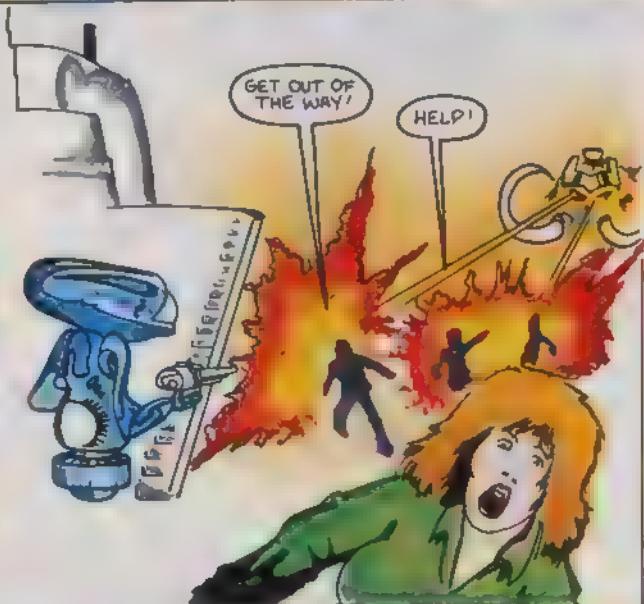
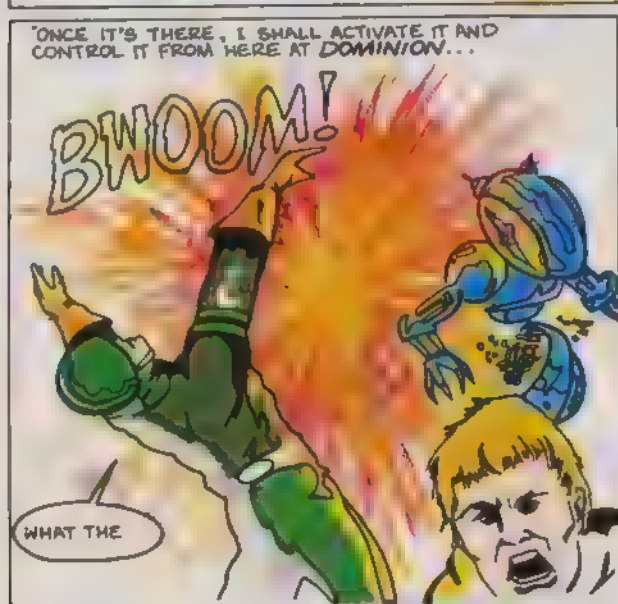
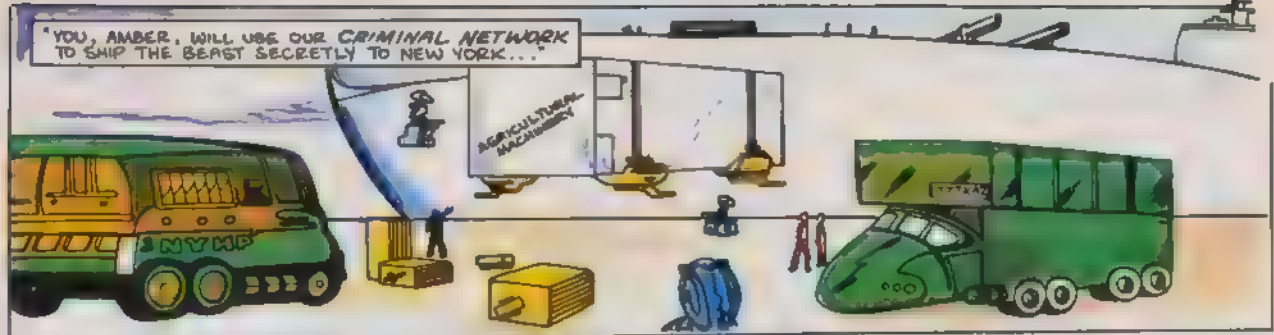


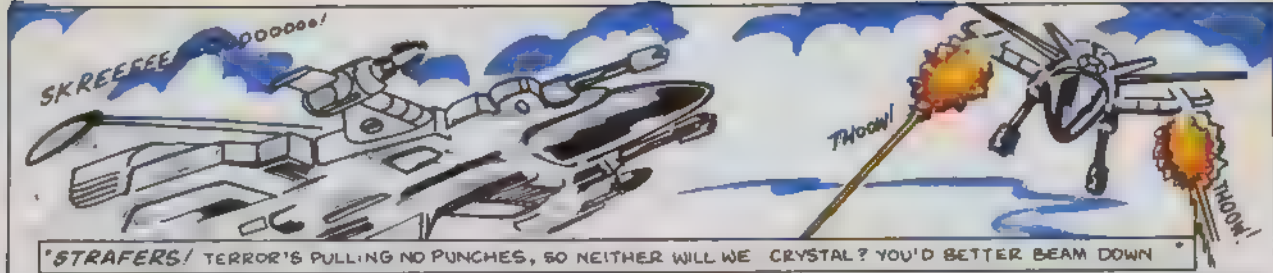
ROGUE

IT'S MAGNIFICENT, FATHER!

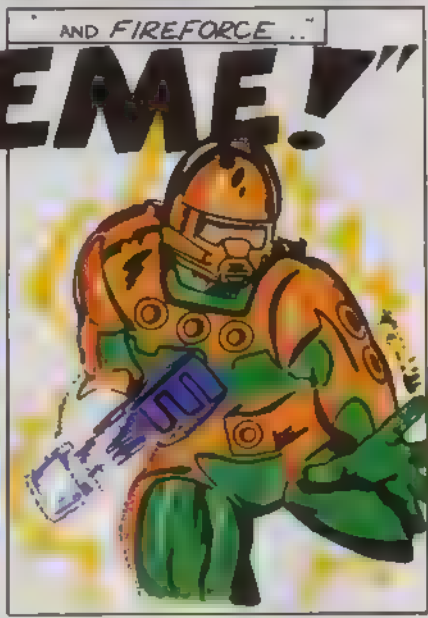
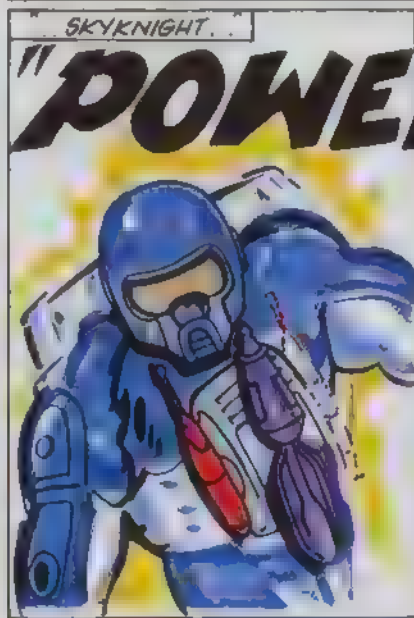


YES THE THAWING AND RESUSCITATION WERE A SUCCESS AND SOON, THE CYBORG ENHANCEMENT WILL BE COMPLETED THEN I SHALL UNLEASH IT AGAINST THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE COUNCIL OF WORLD SCIENTISTS.





SKREEEE! OOOOOO!
THOOO!
THOOO!
"STRAFRERS! TERROR'S PULLING NO PUNCHES, SO NEITHER WILL WE CRYSTAL? YOU'D BETTER BEAM DOWN"



"POWERXTREME!"

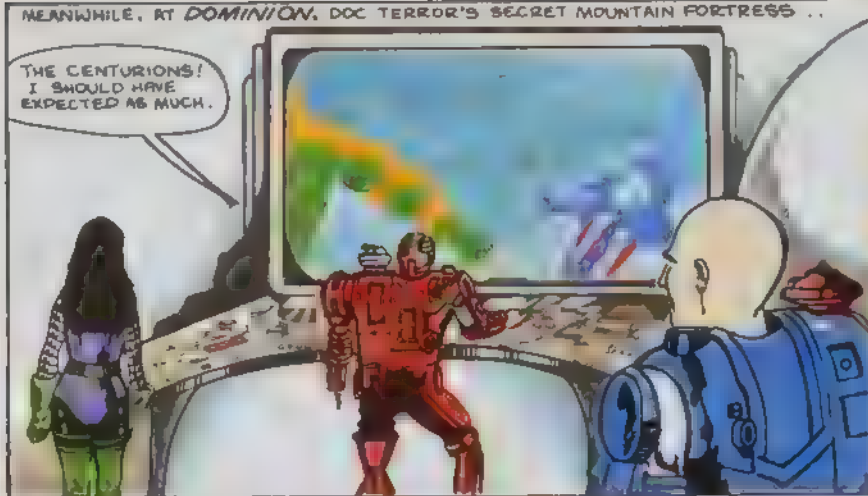
ONCE THEIR ASSAULT WEAPONS SYSTEMS HAVE LOCKED ONTO THEIR EXOFRAMES, THE CENTURIONS GO INTO ACTION





MEANWHILE, AT DOMINION, DOC TERROR'S SECRET MOUNTAIN FORTRESS ...

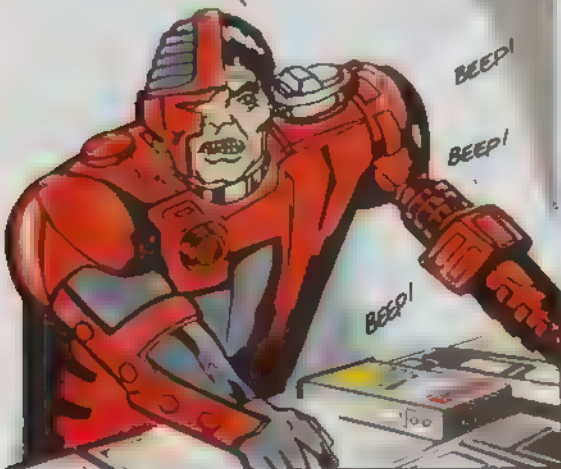
THE CENTURIONS!
I SHOULD HAVE
EXPECTED AS MUCH.



THEN THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO
DESTROY THEM, FATHER, WITH
YOUR GREATEST CREATION
ONCE THE CENTURIONS HAVE
BEEN CRUSHED, NOTHING CAN
STOP YOU!



I AGREE WITH YOU DAUGHTER
I'M KEYING IN THE COMMAND NOW
WHAT? THE CREATURE'S NOT
RESPONDING, I'VE LOST CONTROL!

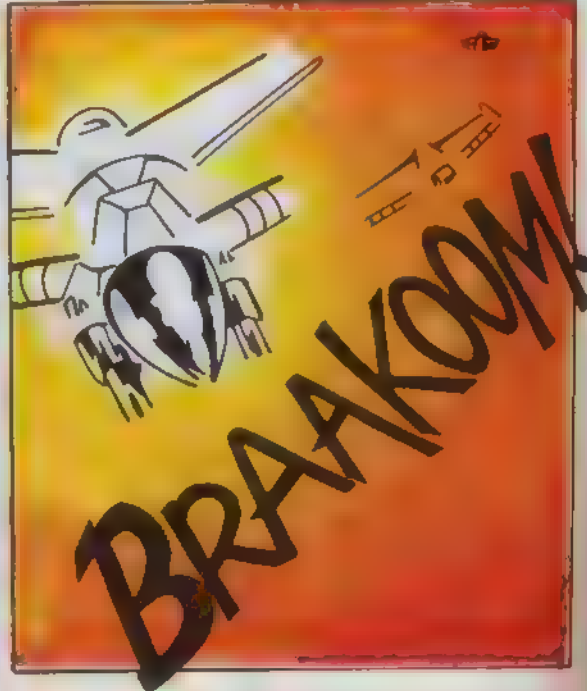
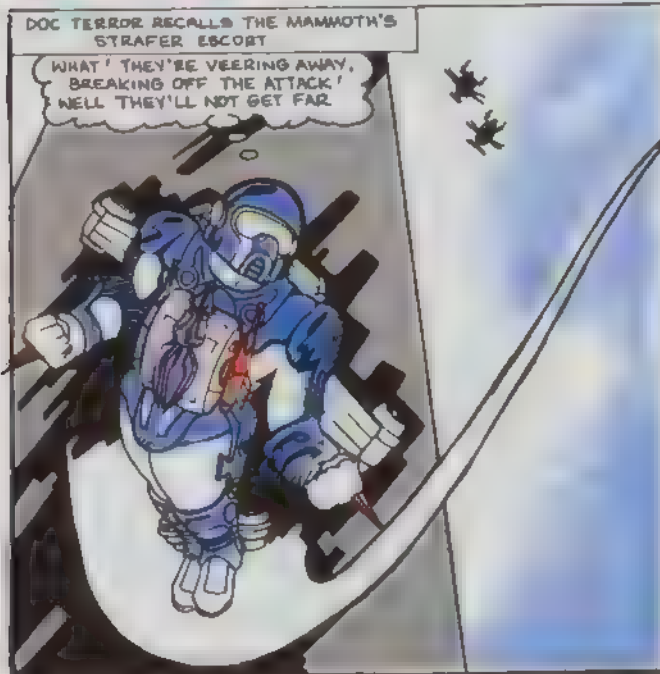


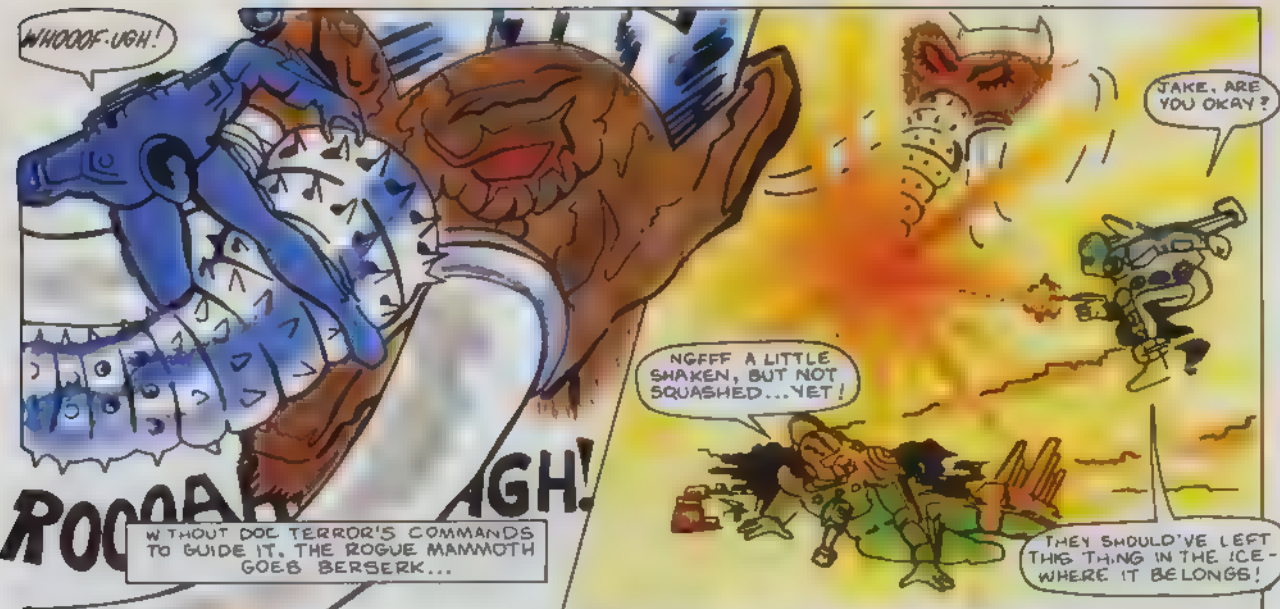
THE CREATURE'S NERVOUS SYSTEM MUST
HAVE STARTED DEGENERATING AS SOON AS IT
WAS THAWED. NO COMMANDS ARE GETTING
THROUGH. IT'S GONE ROGUE!
STILL, THINK OF ALL THE
DAMAGE IT WILL DO BEFORE
THE CENTURIONS STOP IT
IF THEY
CAN!



DOC TERROR RECALLS THE MAMMOTH'S
STRAFER ESCORT

WHAT! THEY'RE VEERING AWAY,
BREAKING OFF THE ATTACK!
WELL THEY'LL NOT GET FAR





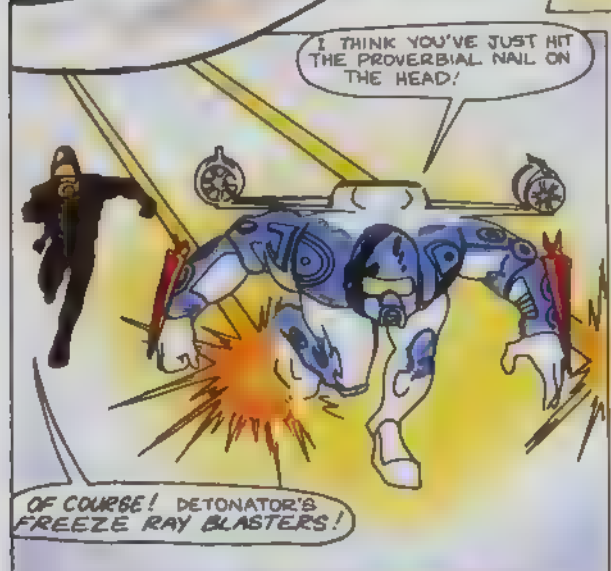
WHOOOF-UGH!

JAKE, ARE YOU OKAY?

NGFFF A LITTLE SHAKEN, BUT NOT SQUASHED...YET!

ROOOAAH! AGH!
WITHOUT DOC TERROR'S COMMANDS TO GUIDE IT, THE ROGUE MAMMOTH GOES BERSERK...

THEY SHOULD'VE LEFT THIS THING IN THE ICE - WHERE IT BELONGS!

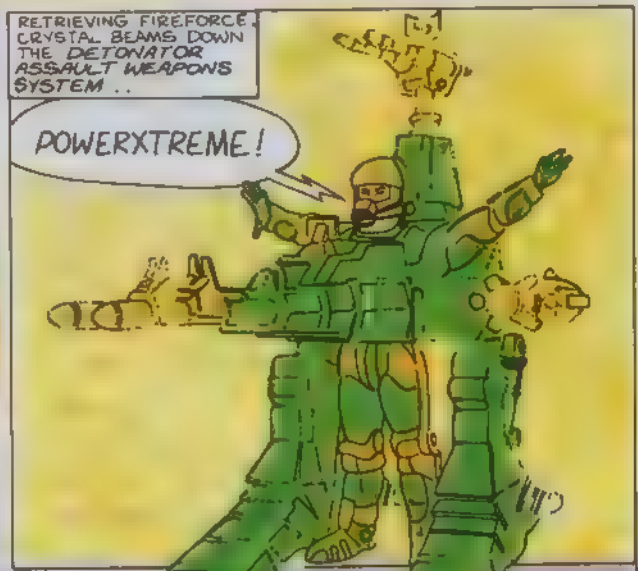


I THINK YOU'VE JUST HIT THE PROVERBIAL NAIL ON THE HEAD!

OF COURSE! DETONATOR'S FREEZE RAY BLASTERS!

RETRIEVING FIREFORCE CRYSTAL BEAMS DOWN THE DETONATOR ASSAULT WEAPONS SYSTEM...

POWERXTREME!



TARGET RANGE: 30 FEET AND CLOSING...

NOW LET'S SEE WHAT THIS BABY CAN DO! ACE. MAX. CORRAL IT. DON'T LET IT GET AWAY!

C'MON C'MON FREEZE, YOU PLEISTOCENE PACHYDERM!

TARGET RANGE 20 FEET AND CLOSING

SHRTZZZZ!!!

TARGET RANGE 12 FEET AND CLOSING...

I THINK THAT IT'S WORKING UUUUGN!

I HOPE SO THE SYSTEMS ARE NOW BEGINNING TO OVERLOAD!

SHOOT! THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!

TARGET RANGE 6 FEET TARGET IMMOBILISED

NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL 'SERVICE' I HOPE THEY HAVE MORE FUN WITH IT THAN WE DID!

AND LOOK WHERE WE STOPPED IT OUTSIDE THE COUNCIL'S HEADQUARTERS!

LATER, BACK AT CENTRAL...

HEY! WHO'S FOR DINNER?

YEAH, SURE WHAT HAVE WE GOT?

UH FROZEN STEAKS.. ONLY SOMEONE FORGOT TO DEFROST 'EM!

OH NO! LOOK WE'LL TOSS FOR IT WHOEVER LOSES GOES OUT AND BRINGS BACK SOME TAKE-AWAYS I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF FROZEN DELICACIES FOR ONE DAY!

Data-File: DOC TERROR

From the Skyvault Central Computer:

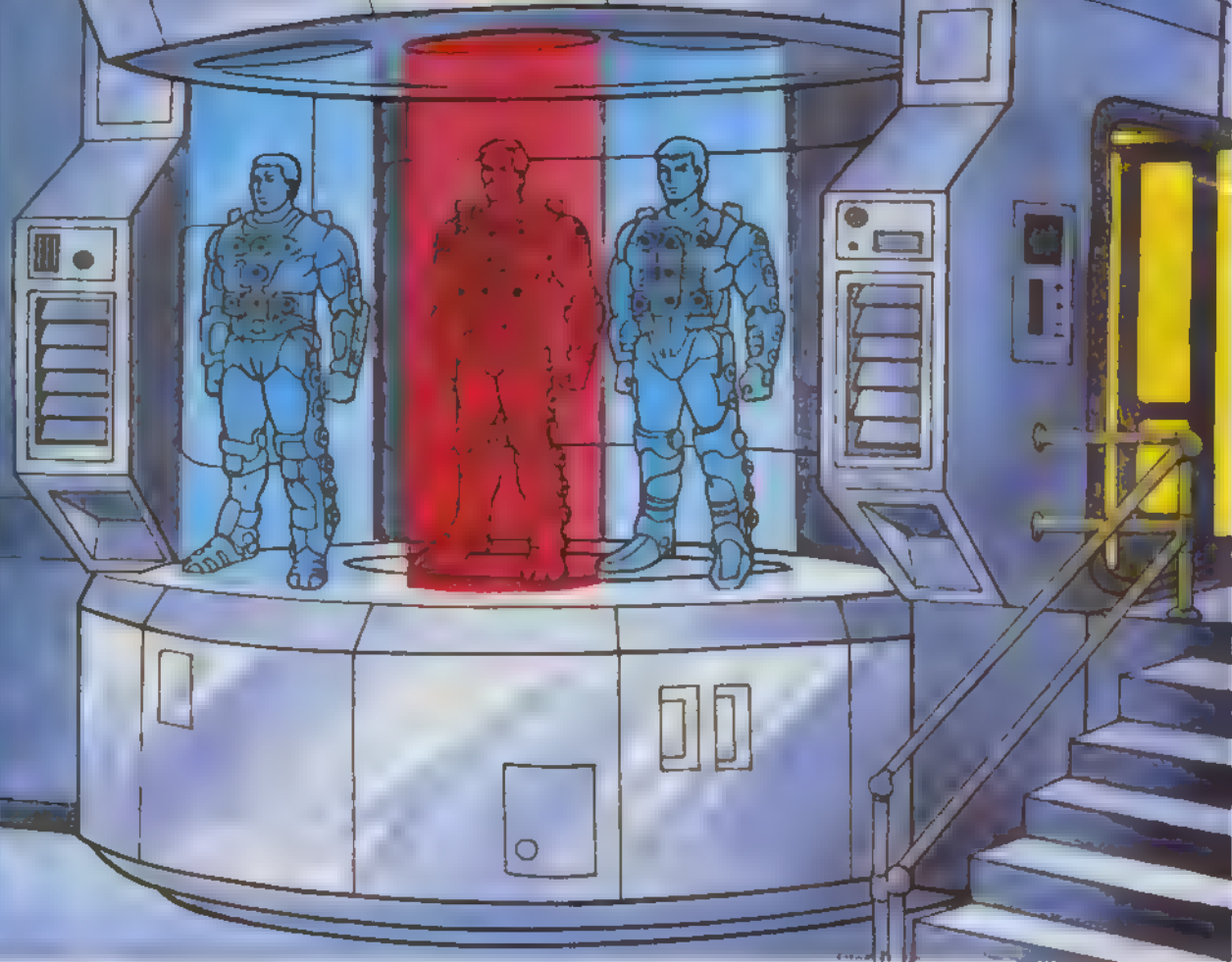
Doc Terror is the gravest threat facing the world today. He is a scientist of great, though warped, genius. From the beginning he had always been cunning and ruthless, using underworld connections to obtain expensive or illegal equipment for his experiments. He also ruined the careers of several fellow scientists. After his application for membership of the Council of World Scientists was refused, he swore revenge on both the Council and the world.

Intelligence reports now confirm that he and his daughter, Amber, vanished with the help of his underworld contacts to a previously prepared mountain fortress called Dominion. (Further data concerning Dominion is restricted.) From there he created a vast criminal empire to fund his continuing experiments.

Later, with the aid of a criminal called Hacker, Terror stole data from a top secret computer. Contained in this data was the Fusion Programme. Recognising its potential, Terror used Hacker as a guinea-pig, fusing him to an ambulatory computer code-named Lesion before programming a computer to perform the operation on himself, fusing him with the computer, Syntax. The trauma of the fusion unbalanced him, making Terror more deranged than ever!



POWER STRUGGLE



Within seconds of receiving the message, Crystal beamed the Centurions to the Eastern Seaboard Power Station.

"Thank goodness you're here!" cried the Station Controller, running towards them. "It's Hacker and a squad of cyborgs. They've taken over the Core Control Building. They ordered everybody out and activated the emergency force field, barricading themselves inside. That's where we've been testing the experimental power cell."

The Centurions weighed the information up. Hacker was now probably in possession of the power cell, had secured his position and would sit tight until Doc Terror came for him. With the power cell, Terror could increase the efficiency of his cyborgs and they were far too efficient at wreaking havoc as it was. They knew they didn't have much time.

Ace scanned their surroundings. They were in a labyrinth of steel pipes and pylons, turbo pumps and storage tanks. They would have to be careful. If anything went wrong, the whole place could go up and the power grid to the entire eastern United States would shut down.

"There's no way through the force field, but what about under it?" Max asked the Station Controller. "Any service tunnels?"

"There's the service conduits, but they only carry power and water."

"Water, huh? Are these conduits big enough for a man?"

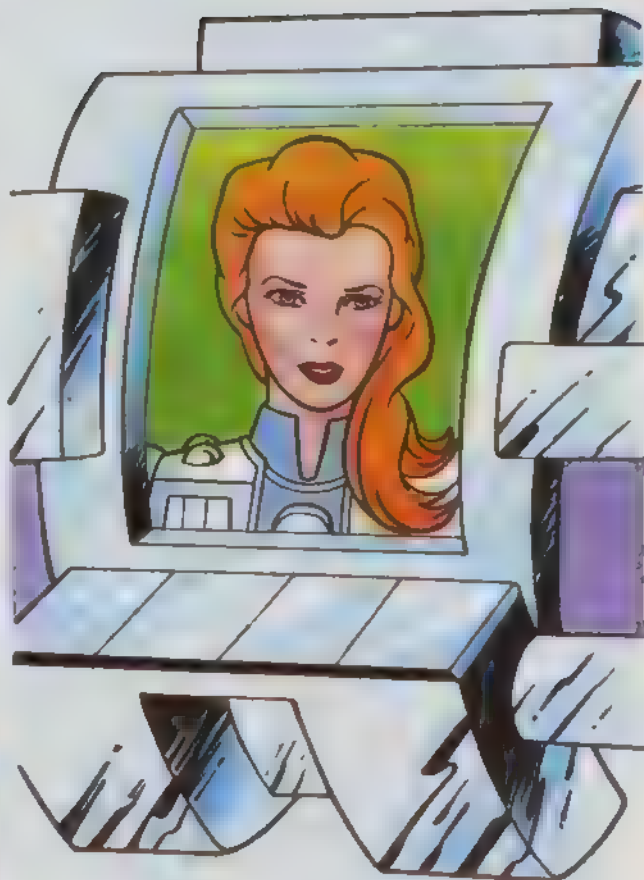
"Yeah, sure. I'll show you." The Centurions followed the Controller to a metal plate in the ground. He lifted it to reveal an access hatch. "They're regularly spaced. There's one inside the Core Building."

Max called up Skyvault. "Crystal. Send me Cruiser." He spread his legs and held his arms aloft in an X-formation - the fusion position. With a burst of light the Cruiser Assault Weapons System materialised and locked onto the Exoframe. With the Centurion battle-cry of **"POWERXTREME!"** he slipped into the conduit.

At that moment a message from Skyvault told Ace and Jake that Doc Terror's Flying Fortress was speeding towards the power station. They immediately requested their Weapons Systems. Ace took Skybolt. Jake called for Fireforce. The two men assumed the fusion position as the equipment locked onto their Exoframes.

"We've got to buy Max enough time to retrieve the power cell," said Ace.

"Yeah, and we've got to keep the battle away from here. One stray shot ..." Jake didn't need to continue.



Skybolt's turbine burst into life and within seconds Ace was speeding through the air to meet Doc Terror's Flying Fortress. Jake ran across the power station compound warning the congregated workers to clear the area. He stopped at the perimeter fence, charged his Plasma Accelerator and waited.

As Max drifted down the conduit, the Keelfin radar unit sent a gently pulsing audio signal into his helmet - the access hatch was just ahead. He felt for the wheel that would unlock it. Finding it, he gave it a turn and pushed. The hatch swung open. He climbed out and found himself in the Core Control Building's sub-basement. He radioed to Ace and Jake, "I'm in."

Ace was fast closing on the Flying Fortress and wasn't surprised to be met by a squadron of Strafers. He fired a couple of heat-seeking missiles. Two

Strafers disappeared in plumes of fire. Ace banked sharply to avoid the Doom Drones' counter-attack. He could dogfight with Strafers all day, but he couldn't stop the flying leviathan above, which moved inexorably towards its goal.

Max had taken out the Ground-Borgs he'd discovered from Crystal. "I've got something for you Max. If the power cell is overloaded it creates an energy field capable of disrupting electronic circuitry."

"Thanks, Crystal. That's just what I'm looking for. You'd better beam Cruiser up!"

Jake fired his Plasma Repulsars at the oncoming ship. Metal plates exploded and smoke poured from gaping holes, but still it carried on. It was almost overhead. Its shadow crept ominously over the power station.

In the Control Room, Max confronted Hacker.

"Don't try anything Centurion," growled Hacker. "With this power cell I can destroy you!"

"You'll have to recharge it first!"

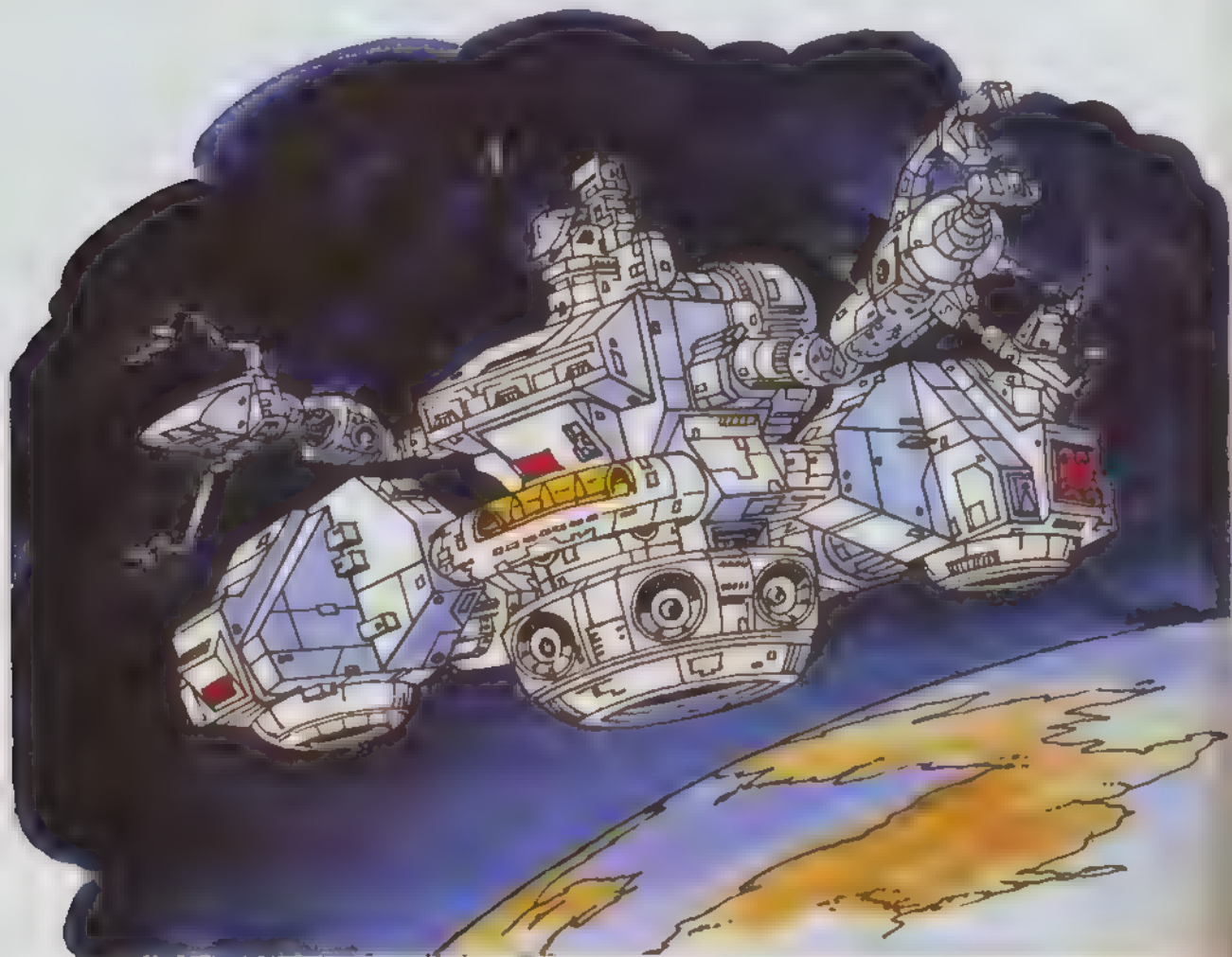
Hacker defiantly connected it to a power socket. The cell soon began to overload, momentarily disrupting Hacker's cyborg circuits. Max dived across the room snatching the power cell from him just as Terror beamed him into the Flying Fortress.

On board, Doc Terror was furious. "Hacker, you cretin! Your bungling's cost me dear this time. I'll have to return to Dominion empty handed! I don't want to do that again, understood?"

The Centurions watched as the Flying Fortress rose sharply into the sky and sped towards the horizon.

"Well, guys," said Jake when they arrived back on Skyvault, "I don't know about you, but I need to **recharge my batteries** after a sortie like that!"

Ace and Max just groaned.





SCORPIO DOWN

SCORPIO 7 LAUNCHED JUNE 2008 A GEOLOGICAL SURVEY SATELLITE. RECENTLY PROGRAMMED TO SEARCH FOR DOC TERROR'S HIDDEN BASES

ITS MISSION PROFILE WAS ALMOST COMPLETED WHEN DISASTER STRUCK IN THE FORM OF A MICRO-METEORITE SHOWER

SPACE FLIGHT CONTROL CENTRE

SIR, WE HAVE CONDITION RED SCORPIO 7. THE TERROR SCAN PROJECT. ORBITAL DECAY CONFIRMED. NEGATIVE TELEMETRY RESPONSE

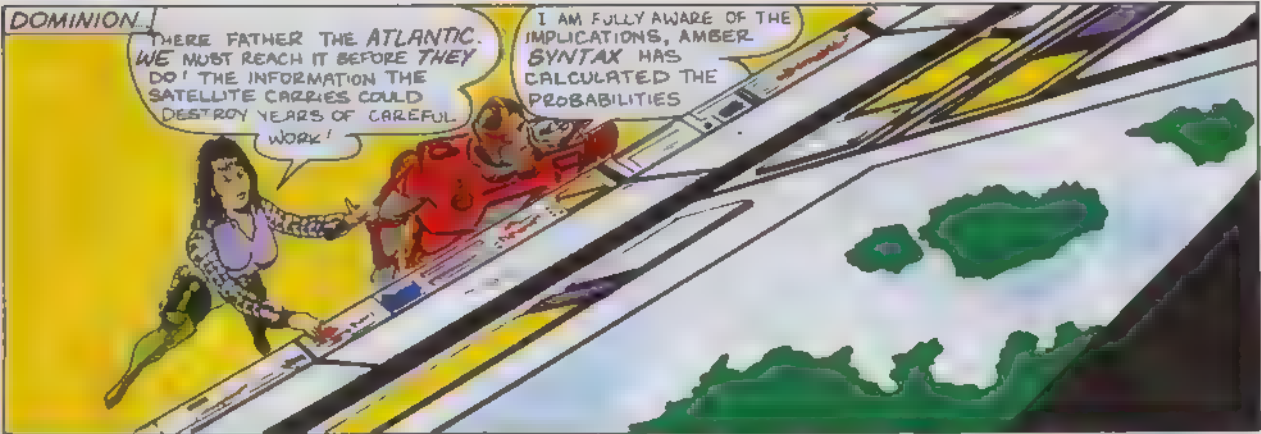
SHE'S COMING DOWN
I HAVE GROUND STATIONS
TRACKING HER

KEEP ON IT. I WANT ITS
RE ENTRY TRAJECTORY
CALCULATED AS SOON AS
POSSIBLE. ALERT ALL
WORLD SECURITY
FORCES. WE MUST
RECOVER THAT DATA
I'LL CONTACT THE
CENTURIONS.

AGENT ORANGE TO AMBER
EMERGENCY TRANSMISSION. SCORPIO
7 SPY SATELLITE COMING DOWN.
CONTAINS DATA DAMAGING TO
OPERATIONS. WILL RELAY IMPACT
CO ORDINATES



DOMINION



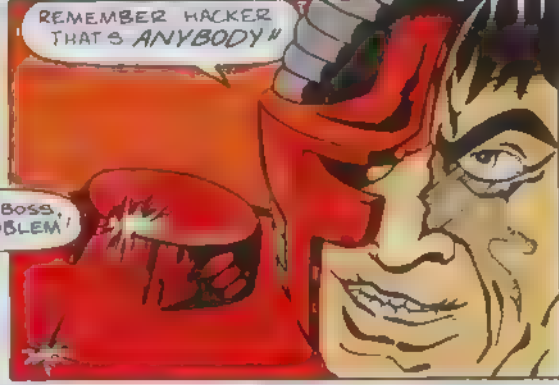
THESE FATHER THE ATLANTIC. WE MUST REACH IT BEFORE THEY DO! THE INFORMATION THE SATELLITE CARRIES COULD DESTROY YEARS OF CAREFUL WORK!

I AM FULLY AWARE OF THE IMPLICATIONS, AMBER. SYNTAX HAS CALCULATED THE PROBABILITIES



HACKER! YOU WILL TAKE A CYBORG TASK FORCE TO THIS AREA. FIND THE SATELLITE. YOU DON'T HAVE TO RECOVER IT, JUST DESTROY IT! DON'T LET ANYTHING OR ANYBODY STOP YOU!

RIGHT BOSS, NO PROBLEM!



REMEMBER HACKER THAT'S ANYBODY!!



RESPONDING TO THE EMERGENCY THE NAVAL RECOVERY VESSEL, 'CHALLENGER' ENTERS THE SEARCH AREA...

ALL HANDS STAND BY

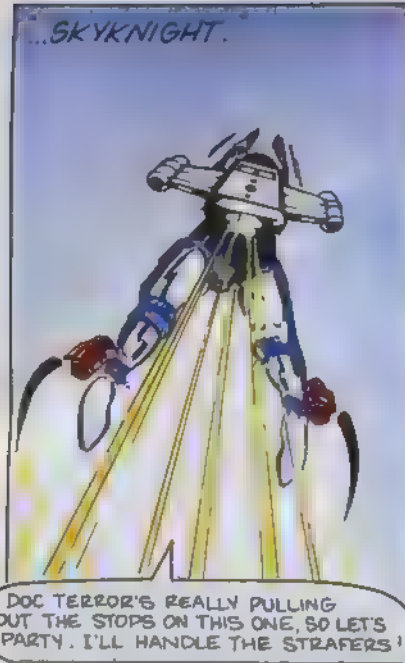


THIS IS IT McCLOUD SONAR SCANS HAVE LOCATED THE SATELLITE. WE ALSO HAVE SENSOR CONTACT WITH A LARGE HOSTILE ASSAULT FORCE

DOC TERROR IT MUST BE BUT HOW?

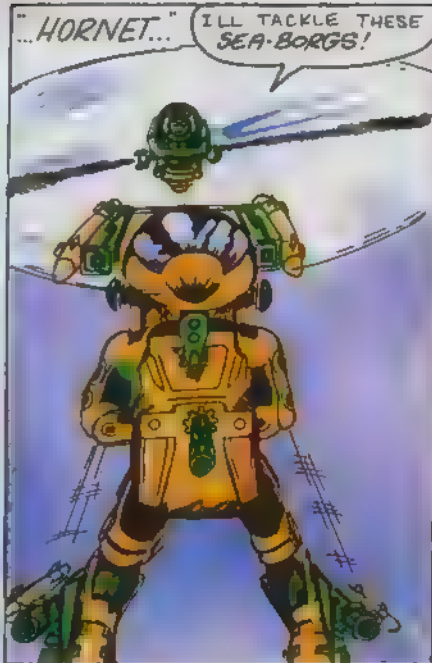
WE CAN WORRY ABOUT THAT LATER, RIGHT NOW CRYSTAL! THIS IS IT YOU KNOW WHAT WE NEED BEAM DOWN

...SKYKNIGHT.

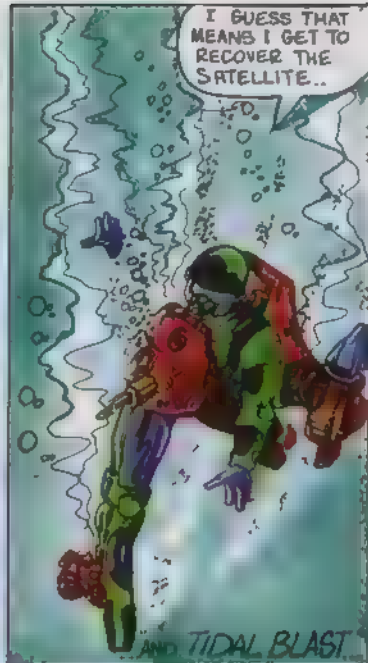


DOC TERROR'S REALLY PULLING OUT THE STOPS ON THIS ONE, SO LET'S PARTY. I'LL HANDLE THE STRAFERS!

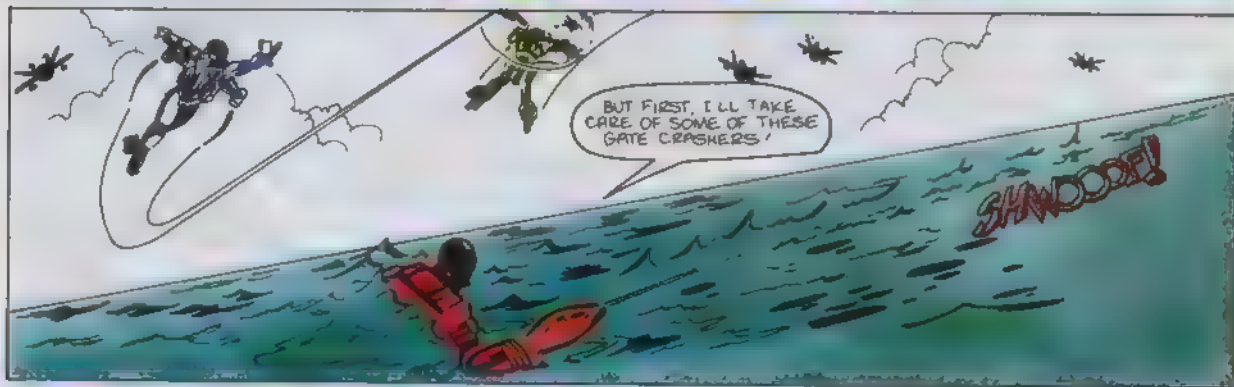
...HORNET..." I'LL TACKLE THESE SEA-BORGS!



I GUESS THAT MEANS I GET TO RECOVER THE SATELLITE...



...AND TIDAL BLAST!



BUT FIRST, I'LL TAKE CARE OF SOME OF THESE GATE CRASHERS!

SHWOOSH!

BAR-OOOM!



GOT THEM!

NOW TO SEE WHAT KIND OF A WELCOME I HAVE WAITING FOR ME DOWN HERE...

TIDAL BLAST TO SKYVAULT TARGET SENSORS HAVE PICKED UP ON THE SATELLITE I'M CLOSING IN



WHILE ABOVE THE WATER



TERROR REALLY WANTS
THIS SATELLITE BAD HE
MUST HAVE A LOT AT
STAKE

I HOPE MAX ISN'T ENCOUNTERING
TOO MUCH RESISTANCE DOWN THERE!

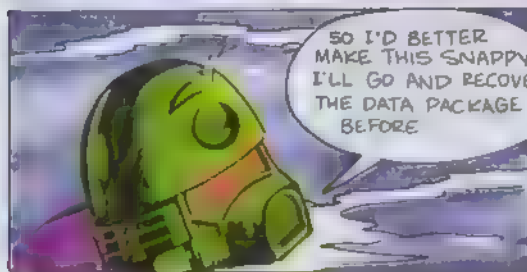


SIDEWINDERS
AWAY!

WELL, THERE'S THE SATELLITE. DAMAGE DOESN'T
LOOK TOO BAD, BUT I'D FEEL A LOT HAPPIER ABOUT
THIS IF I KNEW WHAT ELSE WAS DOWN HERE
THESE ROCK FORMATIONS ARE CONFUSING
MY SENSORS

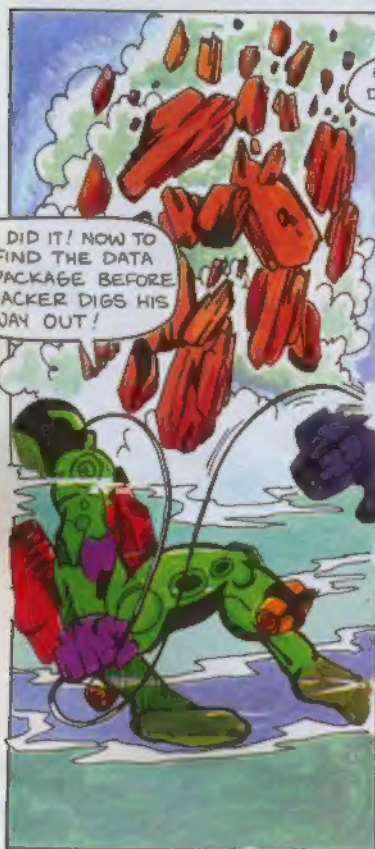


SO I'D BETTER
MAKE THIS SNAPPY
I'LL GO AND RECOVER
THE DATA PACKAGE
BEFORE



DON'T BOTHER, CENTURION WHERE
YOU'RE GOING YOU WON'T BE NEEDING
IT! SUB-BORGs. TAKE HIM!

HACKER!



THE DATA PACKAGE SAFELY RECOVERED, THE CENTURIONS RETURN TO SKYVAULT...

HOME, SWEET HOME!

MAX, THEY'RE WAITING FOR THE SCORPIO DATA IN THE COMPUTER CORE!

RIGHT, CRYSTAL. WE'LL TAKE IT STRAIGHT DOWN.

SOME HOURS LATER...

WELL, BRETTON, WHAT'S THE VERDICT? WHEN DO WE GET TO SHUT TERROR DOWN PERMANENTLY?

(AHEM!) THERE IS A SLIGHT PROBLEM THERE McLOUD!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN 'A SLIGHT PROBLEM'?

1- IT SEEMS THE DATA PACKAGE WAS DAMAGED DURING ITS UNSCHEDULED RE-ENTRY. THE SHIELDS FAILED AND --- THE DATA IS COMPLETELY SCRAMBLED. IT'S USELESS!



SO TERROR'S WON THIS ROUND AFTER ALL?

NOT NECESSARILY! HE KNOWS WE HAVE THE PACKAGE, BUT HE **DOESN'T** KNOW IT'S RUINED...



HEY! THAT'S RIGHT. HE'LL THINK WE'VE WON, THAT WE'VE FOUND HIS BASES! I'D LOVE TO SEE HIS FACE...



HACKER, YOU MORON! YOU COST US YEARS OF WORK! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS? IT MEANS MY WHOLE OPERATION COULD BE IN JEOPARDY. I'LL HAVE TO RELOCATE MY BASES. IT COULD TAKE MONTHS!

BUT I'LL SHIELD THEM BETTER NEXT TIME AND WHEN I RETURN, THE **WORLD** AND THE **CENTURIONS** WILL PAY!

THE WORLD SECURITY COMMISSION Document for immediate Public Release **HACKER**

Before his alliance with Doc Terror, Hacker was a computer expert. He was the brains behind many major underworld computer crimes. He even managed to erase all security files about himself. It was with his help that Terror was able to steal the Fusion Programme. However, when Hacker allowed Terror to use him as a guinea-pig for the stolen programme, all that changed.

The fusion with Lesion caused severe trauma, unbalancing his mind, turning him into nothing more than cold-blooded maniac loyal to no one except Terror. His affinity for, and tacit knowledge of, computers makes him a formidable adversary when combined with Lesion, his cyborg half. Armed with a variety of weapons and the ability to fuse with Doom Drone Strafers, Hacker is the second most dangerous man in the world. He is Brute and Machine—
TERRORXTRME!



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